

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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JAN
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DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

YOU
WANTED TO
CHALLENGE
BULLSEYE?
NOW *SUFFER*
THE
CONSEQUENCES!

ACTION
IN THE MIGHTY
MARVEL
MANNER!



...AND
AWAY
GOES
DAREDEVIL!

He dwells in eternal night— but the blackness is filled with sounds and scents other men cannot perceive. Though attorney MATT MURDOCK is *blind*, his other senses function with *superhuman sharpness*—his *radar sense* guides him over every obstacle! He stalks the streets, a red-garbed foe of evil!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL**, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

TARGET: **DEATH!**

MIDNIGHT.
WITH TREMBLING FINGERS,
FOGGY NELSON DIALS
THE NUMBER HE FOUND, AS
PER INSTRUCTIONS, IN THE
APPOINTED PHONE BOOTH.
HE LISTENS INTENTLY TO
THE TINNY, ECHOING RINGS,
AND WAITS NOT FOR AN
ANSWER... BUT FOR DEATH.

BEYOND THE TOO-FRAGILE
ENCLOSURE, A STEADY
DRIZZLE FALLS, CLOAK-
ING THE GUNMAN HE
KNOWS IS OUT THERE
IN MIST AS WELL AS IN
SHADOWS.

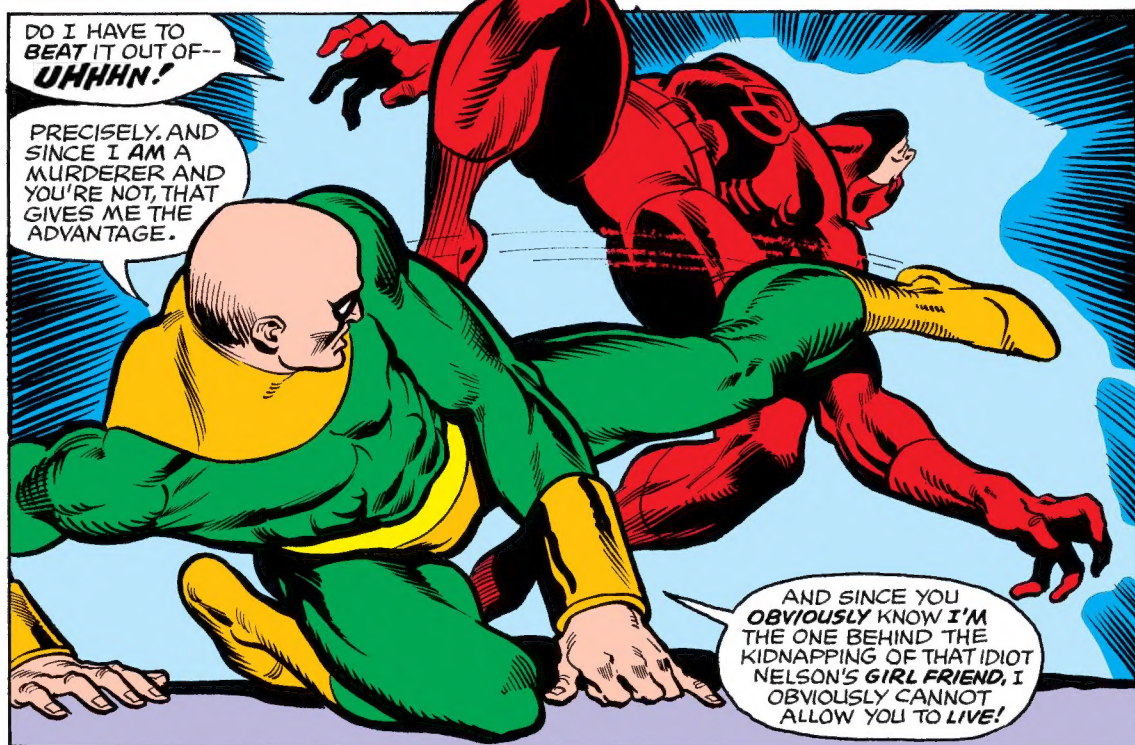
FOGGY NELSON IS VERY
MUCH AFRAID.

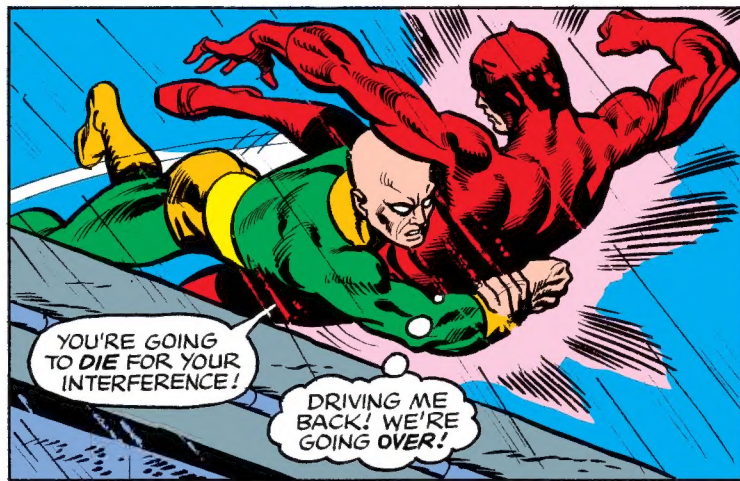
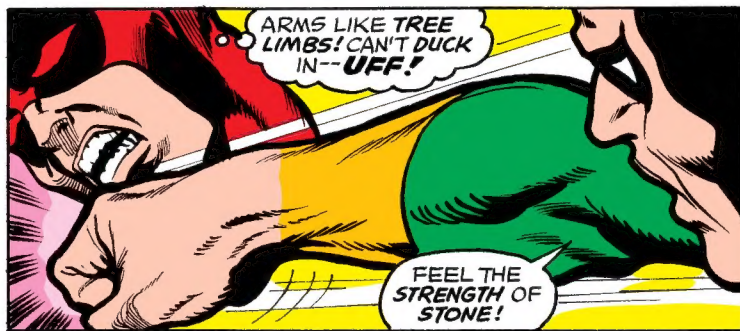
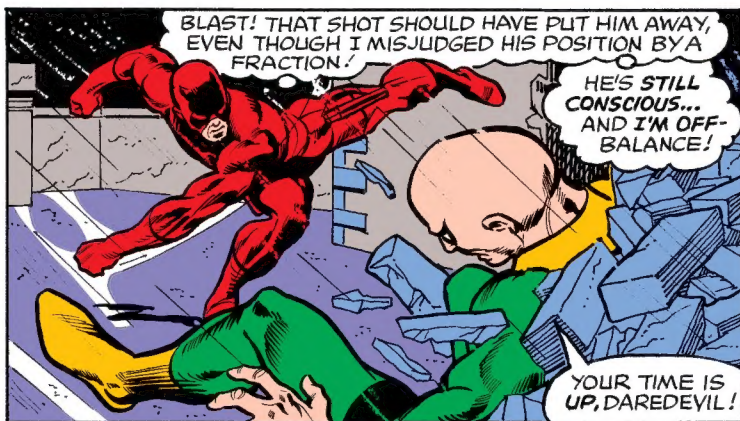
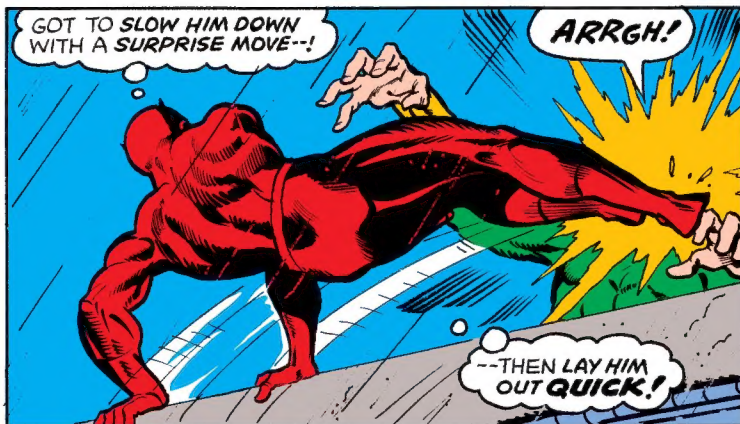
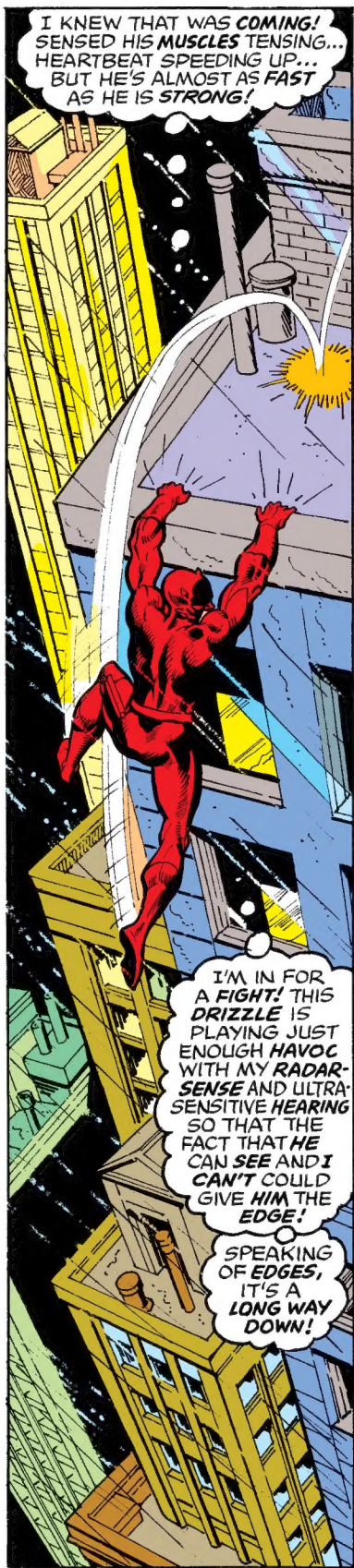
MARV WOLFMAN PLOT
JIM SHOOTER SCRIPT

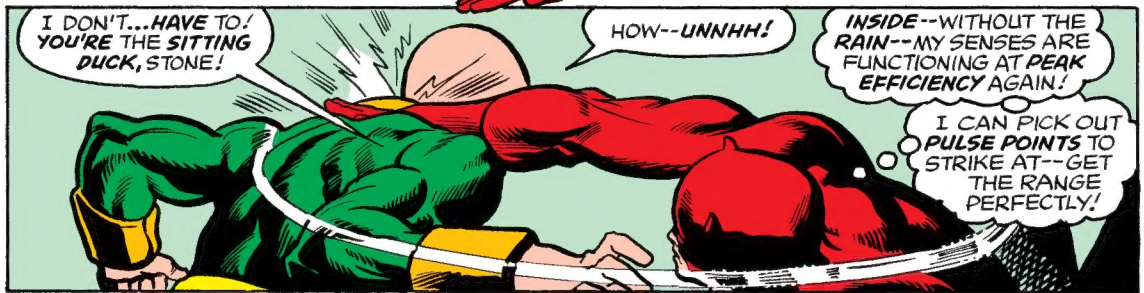
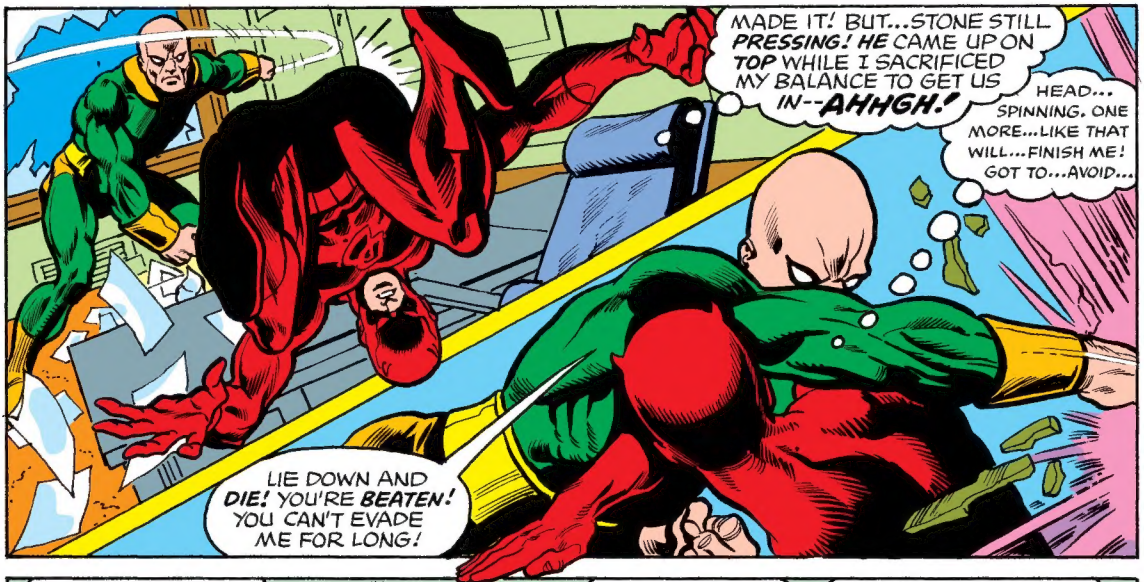
GIL KANE AND BOB BROWN
PENCILLING

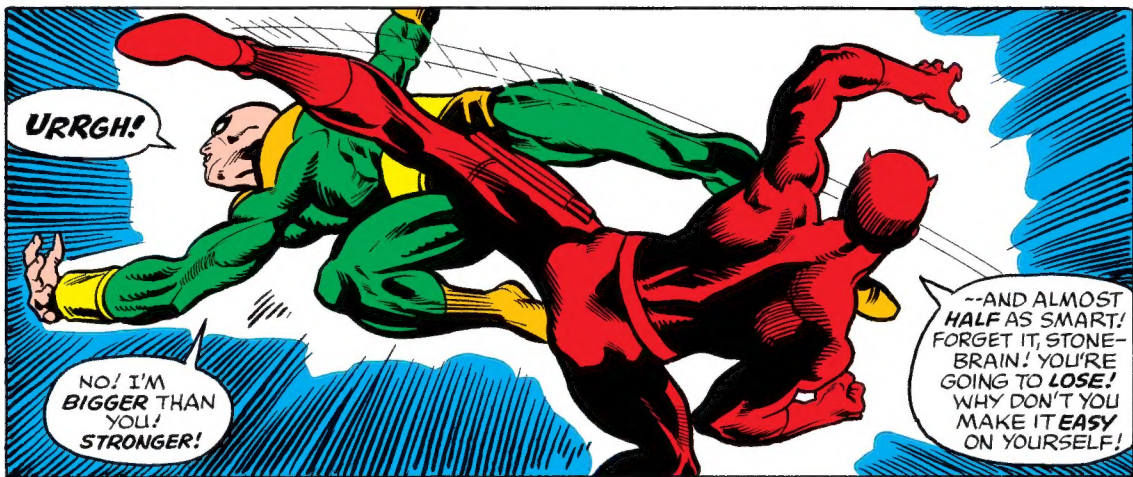
JIM MOONEY INKING
ARCHIE GOODWIN EDITING

IRV WATANABE LETTERING
JANICE COHEN COLORING









URRGH!

NO! I'M
BIGGER THAN
YOU!
STRONGER!

--AND ALMOST
HALF AS SMART!
FORGET IT, STONE-
BRAIN! YOU'RE
GOING TO **LOSE!**
WHY DON'T YOU
MAKE IT **EASY!**
ON YOURSELF!

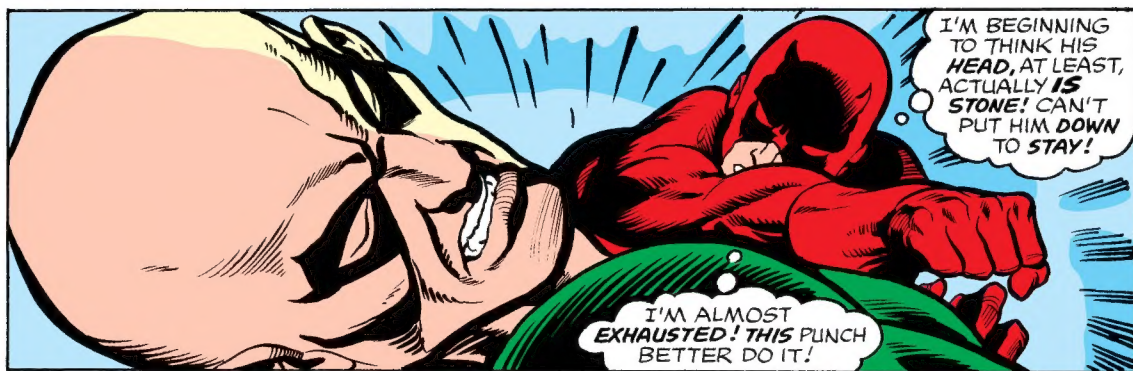


NO! **NO!** I'LL TEAR
YOU IN **HALF!**

BIGGER, STRONGER
BONEHEADS THAN
YOU HAVE TRIED
BEFORE!

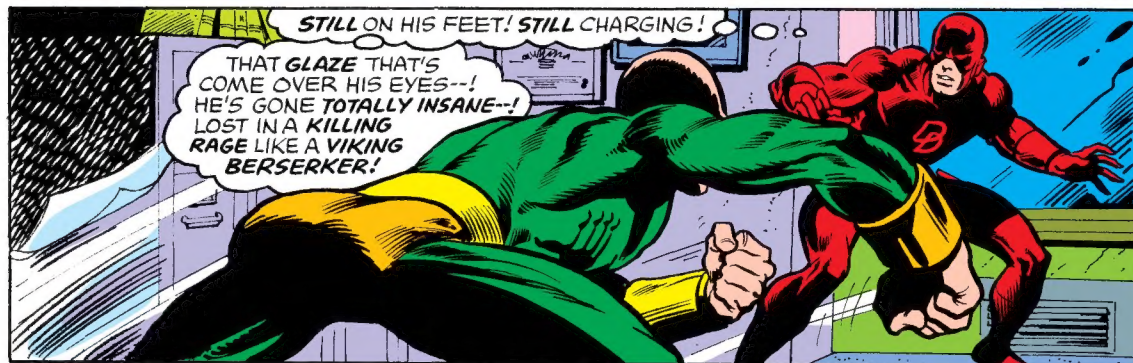
AND FAILED!

OR HAD YOU **NOTICED**
THAT I'M STILL VERY
MUCH **ALIVE?**



I'M BEGINNING
TO THINK HIS
HEAD, AT LEAST,
ACTUALLY **IS**
STONE! CAN'T
PUT HIM **DOWN**
TO **STAY!**

I'M ALMOST
EXHAUSTED! THIS PUNCH
BETTER DO IT!



STILL ON HIS FEET! STILL CHARGING!

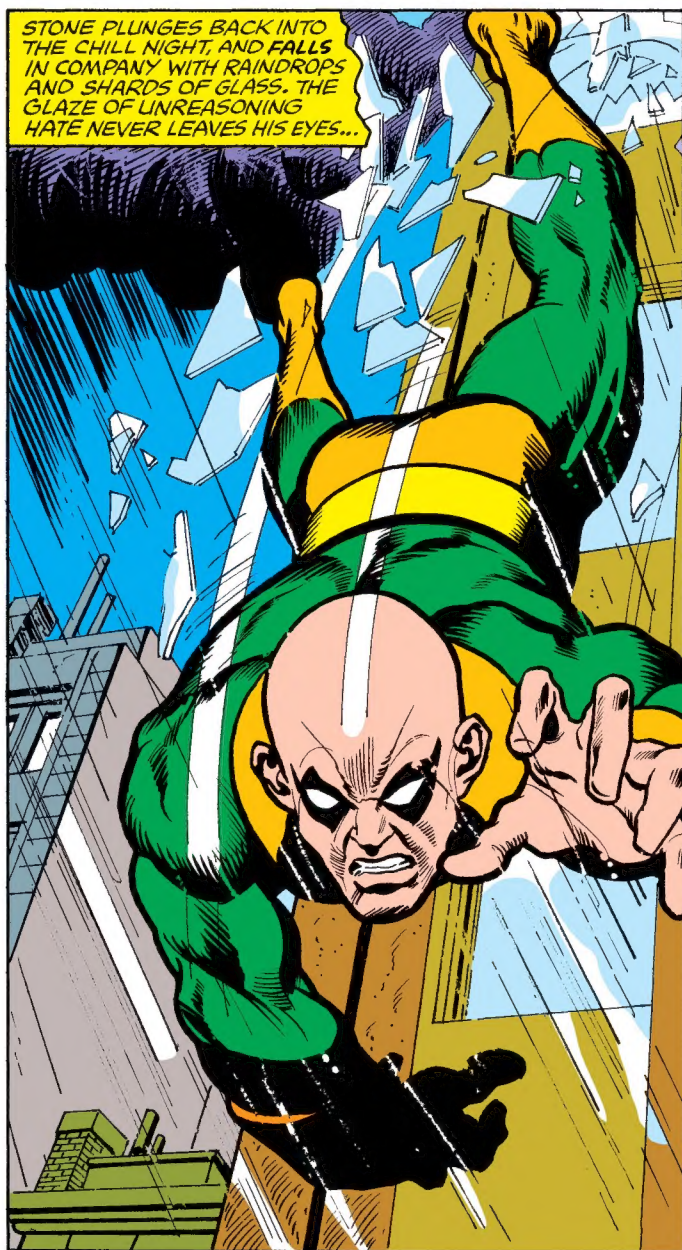
THAT **GLAZE** THAT'S
COME OVER HIS EYES--!
HE'S GONE **TOTALLY INSANE--!**
LOST IN A **KILLING**
RAGE LIKE A **VIKING**
BERSERKER!



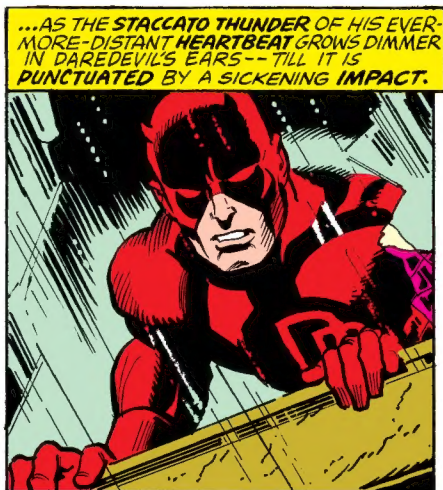
HE'S COMING LIKE A **FREIGHT TRAIN!** GOT TO DUCK OUT OF THE--

NO! THE **WINDOW!** CONCENTRATING SO HARD ON **STONE...** I FORGOT THE WINDOW WAS BEHIND ME!

CLASHHHH!



STONE PLUNGES BACK INTO THE CHILL NIGHT, AND FALLS IN COMPANY WITH RAINDROPS AND SHARDS OF GLASS. THE GLAZE OF UNREASONING HATE NEVER LEAVES HIS EYES...



...AS THE **STACCATO THUNDER** OF HIS EVER-MORE-DISTANT **HEARTBEAT** GROWS DIMMER IN DAREDEVIL'S EARS--TILL IT IS **PUNCTUATED** BY A SICKENING IMPACT.



INCREDIBLE! HE'S **STILL ALIVE!** I HEAR HIM **BREATHING!**

BUT HE WON'T LAST LONG! EACH GASP OF BREATH IS **WEAKER** THAN THE LAST! GOT TO REACH HIM **QUICKLY!**



STONE! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

STONE!

UHH-H-H!



LISTEN TO ME!
IT'S ALL OVER!

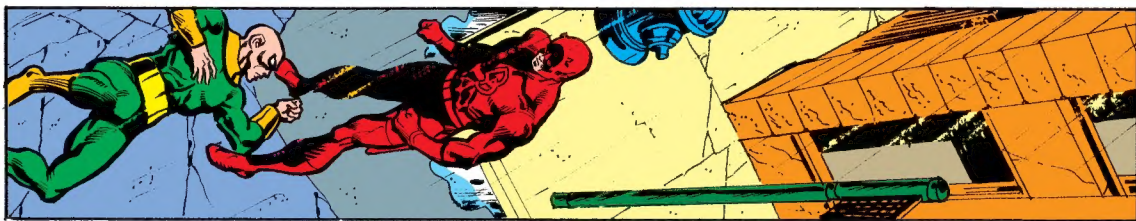
WHERE IS DEBBIE HARRIS? WHY DID YOU KIDNAP HER? WHY ARE YOU AFTER FOGGY?

I...AM STONE... STONE... STONE!



YOU WORK FOR MAXWELL GLENN! IS HE BEHIND THE SLUM TENEMENT REAL ESTATE RIP-OFFS...OR ARE YOU? ARE YOU "LAUNDERING" RACKETS PAYOFFS THROUGH GLENN INDUSTRIES' ACCOUNTS? TALK!

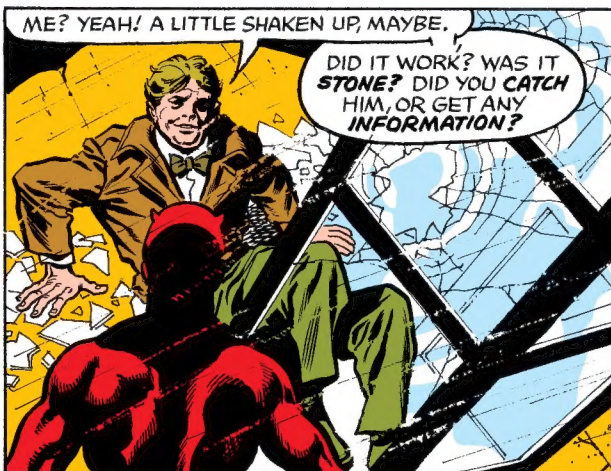
STONE...I... AM...ST-!



SECONDS LATER...

FOGGY!

FOGGY!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



ME? YEAH! A LITTLE SHAKEN UP, MAYBE.

DID IT WORK? WAS IT STONE? DID YOU CATCH HIM, OR GET ANY INFORMATION?



NO...I...HE'S DEAD! COULDN'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM!

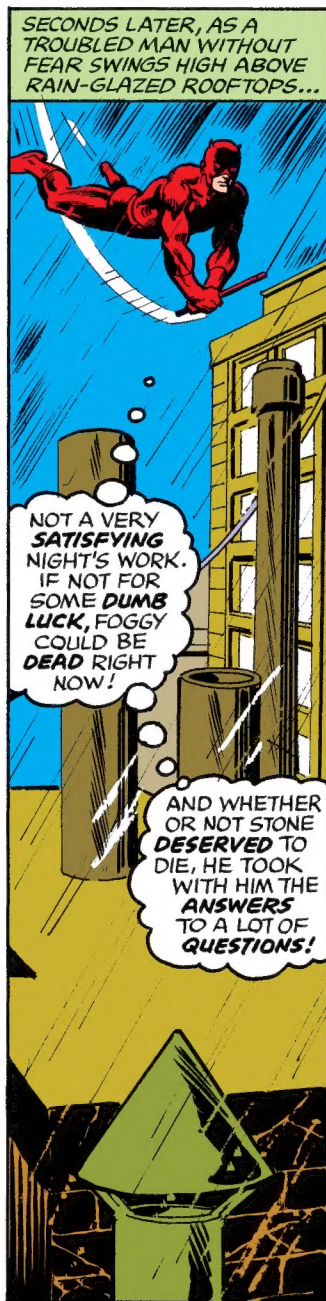
YEAH, WELL I WOULD HAVE BEEN DEAD WITHOUT THIS **BULLET-PROOF VEST!** GOOD THING HE AIMED AT MY **HEART,** NOT MY **HEAD!**



HE WASN'T **SUPPOSED** TO GET A **SHOT** OFF. I'M SORRY.

I'VE GOT A FEW THINGS TO CHECK OUT. CALL THE **POLICE.** I'LL GET BACK TO YOU LATER.

RIGHT, D.D.



SECONDS LATER, AS A TROUBLED MAN WITHOUT FEAR SWINGS HIGH ABOVE RAIN-GLAZED ROOFTOPS...

NOT A VERY **SATISFYING** NIGHT'S WORK. IF NOT FOR SOME **DUMB LUCK,** FOGGY COULD BE **DEAD** RIGHT NOW!

AND WHETHER OR NOT **STONE** DESERVED TO DIE, HE TOOK WITH HIM THE **ANSWERS** TO A LOT OF **QUESTIONS!**



FUNNY, HOW **AFTER** YOU'VE BLOWN IT, SUDDENLY, WHAT YOU **SHOULD** HAVE DONE ALL ALONG BECOMES **CLEAR!**

HEATHER SHOULD STILL BE WAITING FOR **MATT MURDOCK** AT THE **STOREFRONT LAW OFFICE!**



SOON...

MATT! HOW DID IT GO?! DID DAREDEVIL FIND OUT WHO WAS AFTER FOGGY?

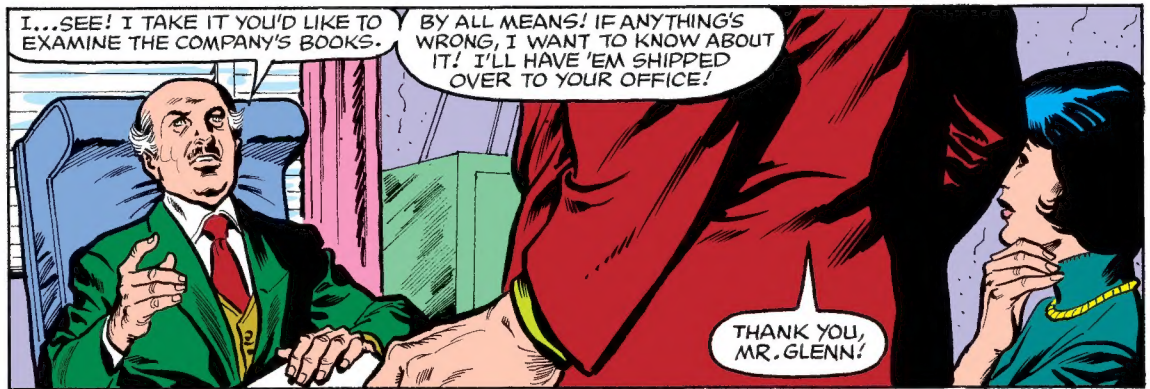
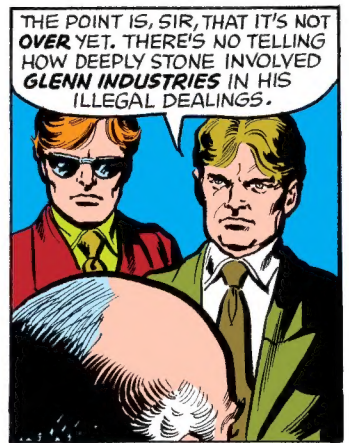
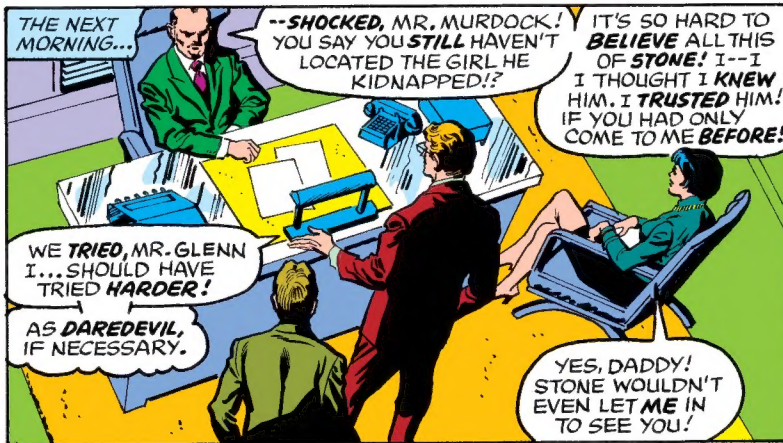
YES. IT WAS...**STONE,** YOUR FATHER'S EMPLOYEE... JUST AS FOGGY SUSPECTED.

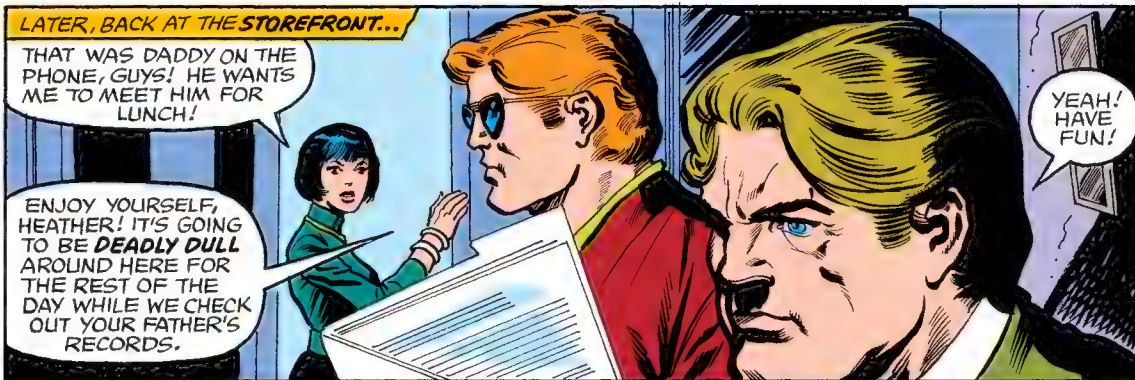


D-DO YOU THINK THAT MEANS **DADDY** IS ALSO--?!

--A CRIMINAL? I DON'T KNOW, HEATHER.

BUT I THINK IT'S TIME I **MET** THE INACCESSIBLE **MR. MAXWELL GLENN. STONE...** CAN'T VERY WELL PREVENT IT ANY MORE.





MERE SECONDS LATER, IN A SHADOWED ALLEY NEARBY...

THE GUNMAN'S CAR WENT TWO BLOCKS SOUTH, THEN TURNED **RIGHT!** EVEN THOUGH IT'S NOW **TOO FAR AWAY** FOR ME TO SINGLE ITS MOTOR NOISES OUT FROM OTHER CARS--

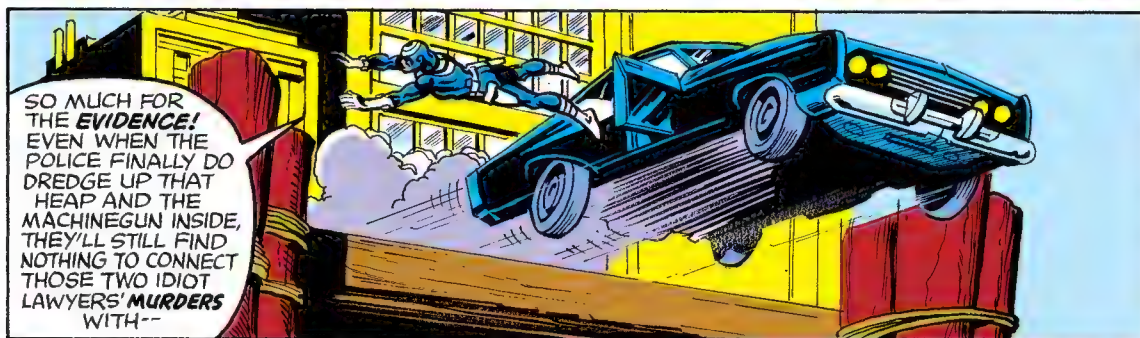


--IF I HEAD IN THE **GENERAL DIRECTION** I HEARD IT GO, MAYBE I'LL "SPOT" IT!



THERE!
GOT HIM!

HE'S
HEADING
FOR THE
DOCKS!



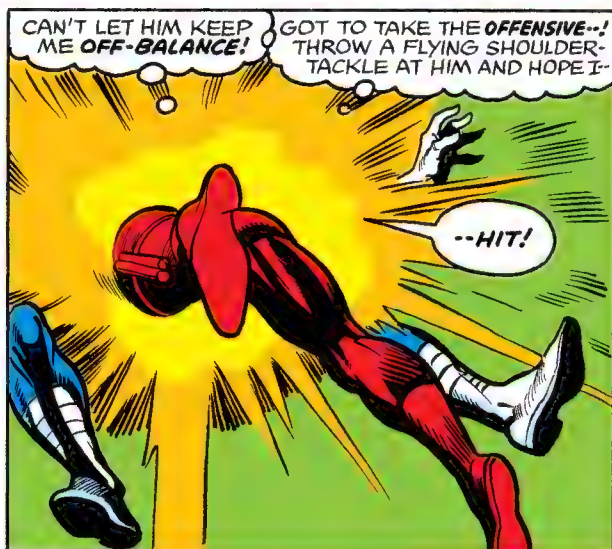
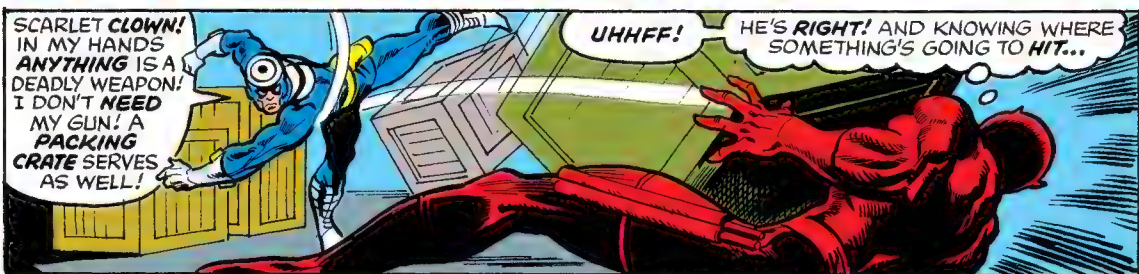
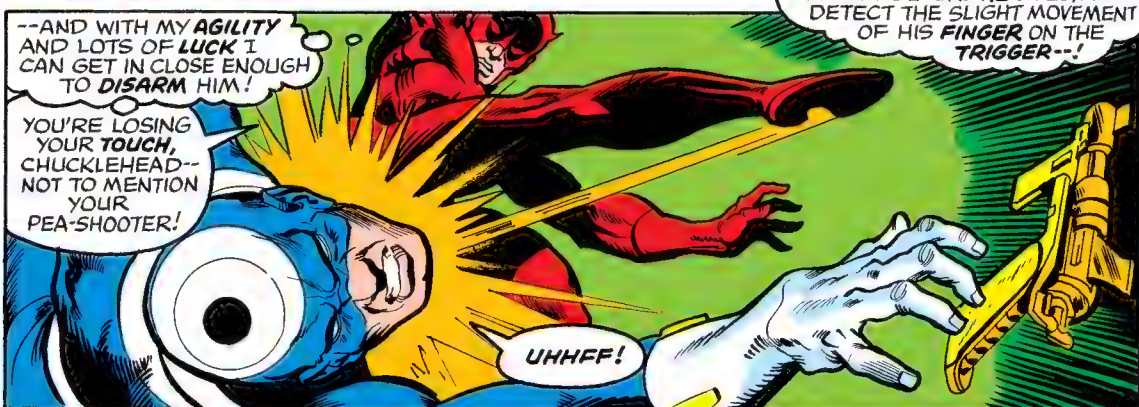
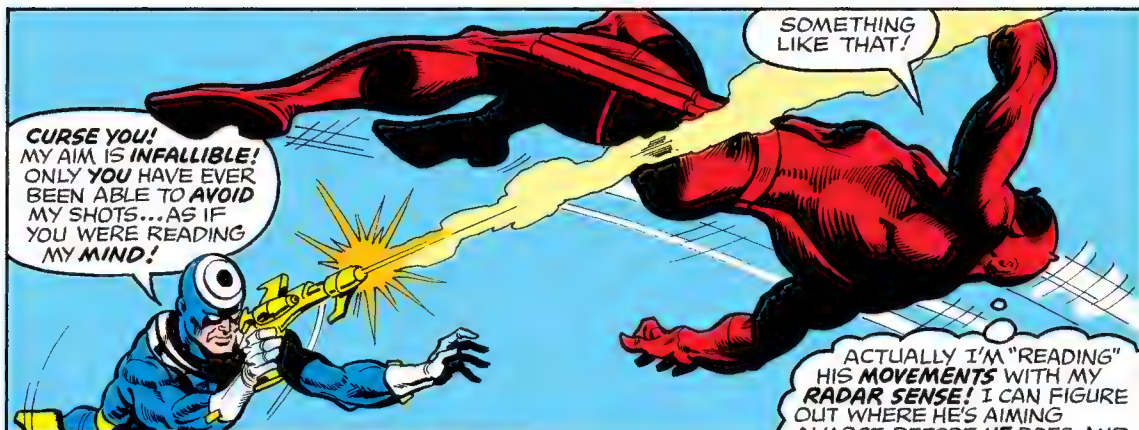
SO MUCH FOR THE **EVIDENCE!** EVEN WHEN THE POLICE FINALLY DO DREDGE UP THAT HEAP AND THE MACHINEGUN INSIDE, THEY'LL STILL FIND NOTHING TO CONNECT THOSE TWO IDIOT LAWYERS' **MURDERS** WITH--

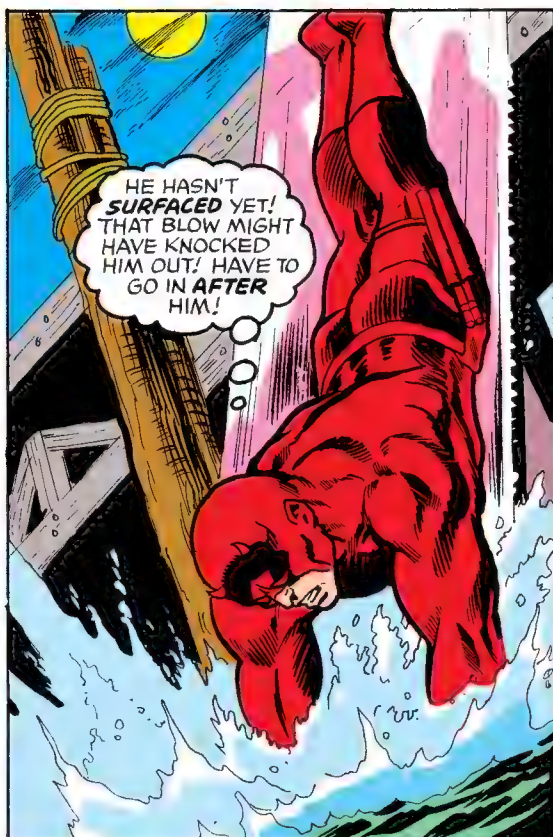
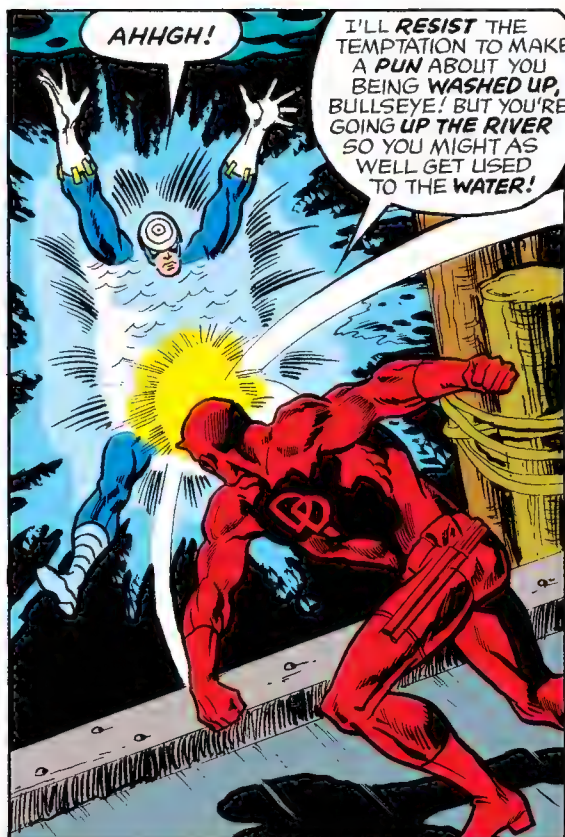


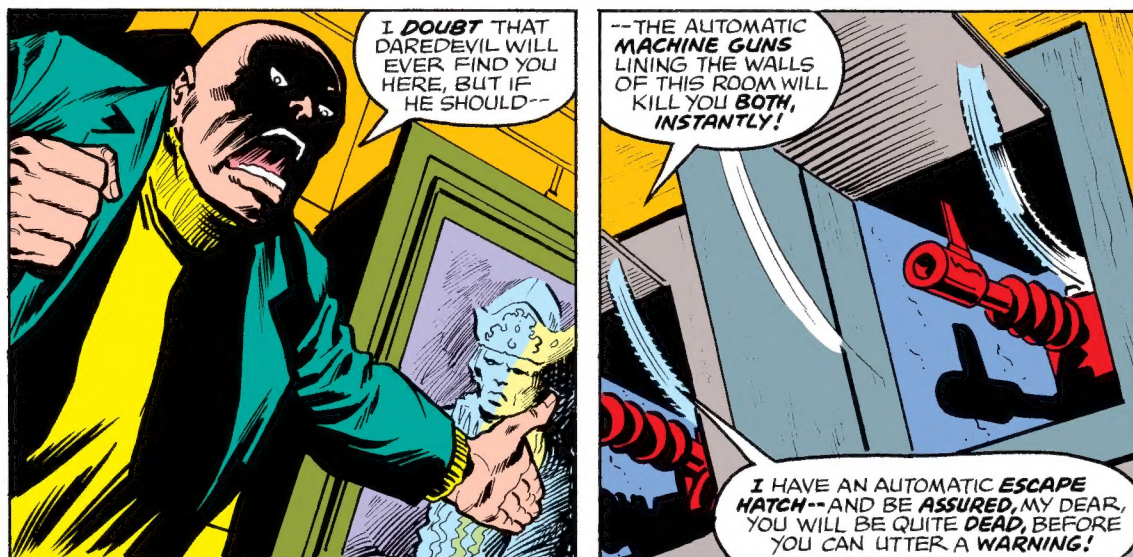
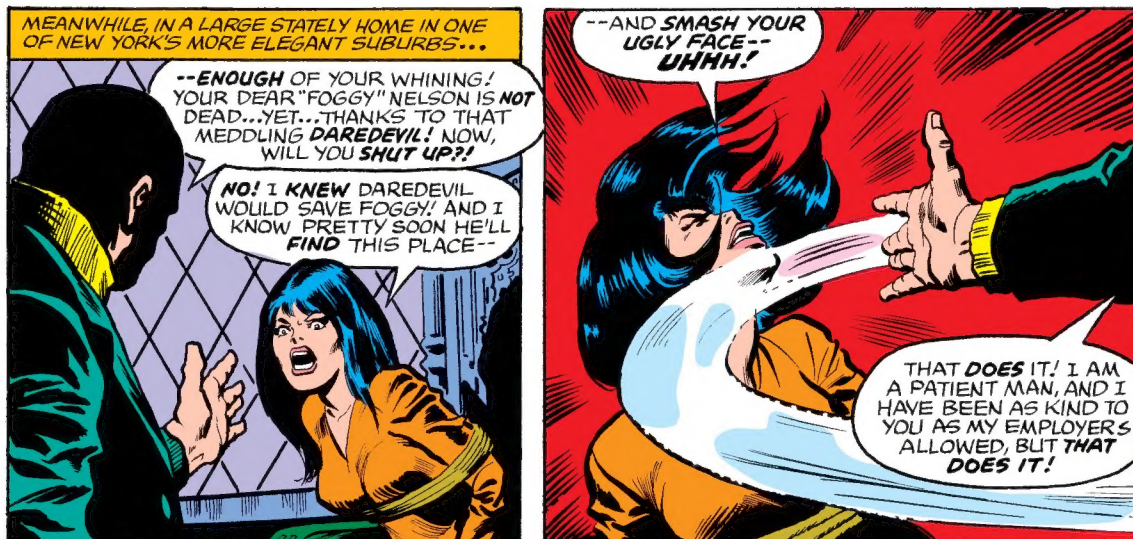
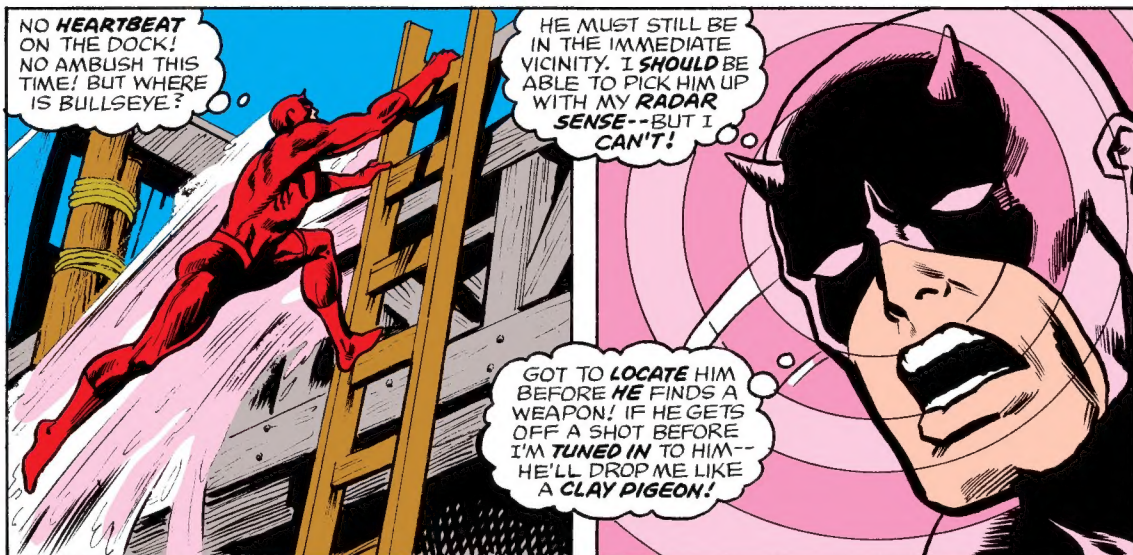
BULLSEYE!

I'D KNOW THAT **HEARTBEAT** ANYWHERE!

DAREDEVIL! WONDERFUL! NOT ONLY HAVE I EARNED A MILLION-DOLLAR FEE TODAY, BUT I GET TO KILL MY **MOST HATED ENEMY!**





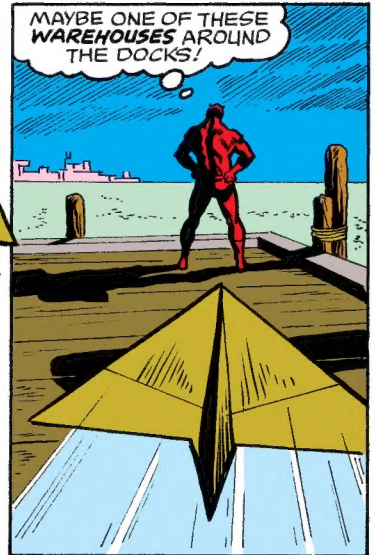
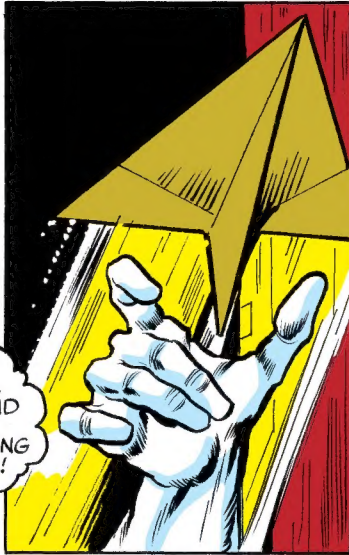




AT THAT MOMENT, BACK AT THE WATERFRONT...

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE MANAGED IT WITHOUT MY **SENSING** HIM, BUT BULLSEYE MUST HAVE SLIPPED AWAY!

EITHER THAT, OR, HE'S FOUND A DARN GOOD HIDING PLACE!



MAYBE ONE OF THESE **WAREHOUSES** AROUND THE DOCKS!



SO NOW WHAT? THERE ARE **TOO MANY** TO SEARCH THEM ALL!

MAYBE IF I **WAIT** ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO HE'LL TRY TO MAKE A **BREAK** FOR IT!



AT LEAST HE ISN'T LIKELY TO FIND ANY KIND OF EFFECTIVE **WEAPONS** IN--WHAT'S THAT?



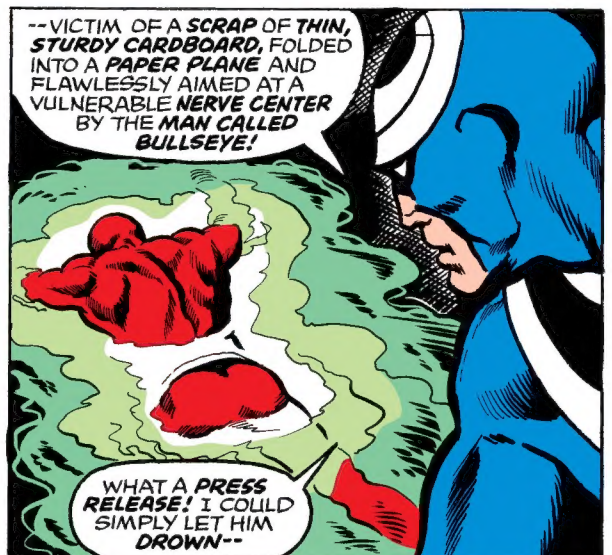
A SOFT **RUSTING** IN THE WIND! LIKE SOMETHING WAFTING CLOSER ON THE BREEZE...

...A **PAPER PLANE**?!
COMING RIGHT AT ME!



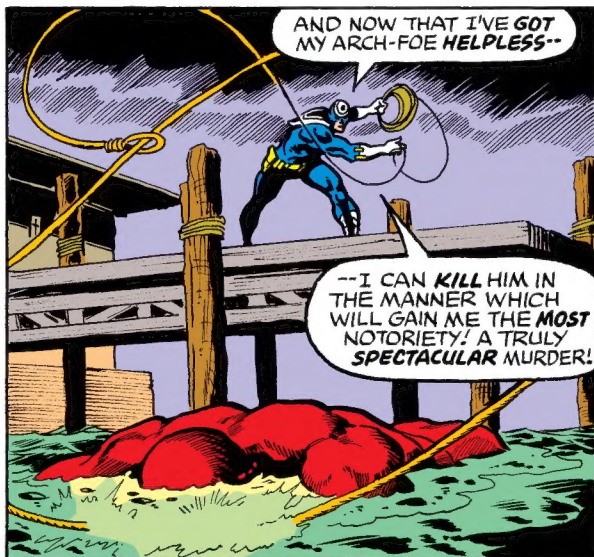
CAN'T DUCK IN--
UHH!

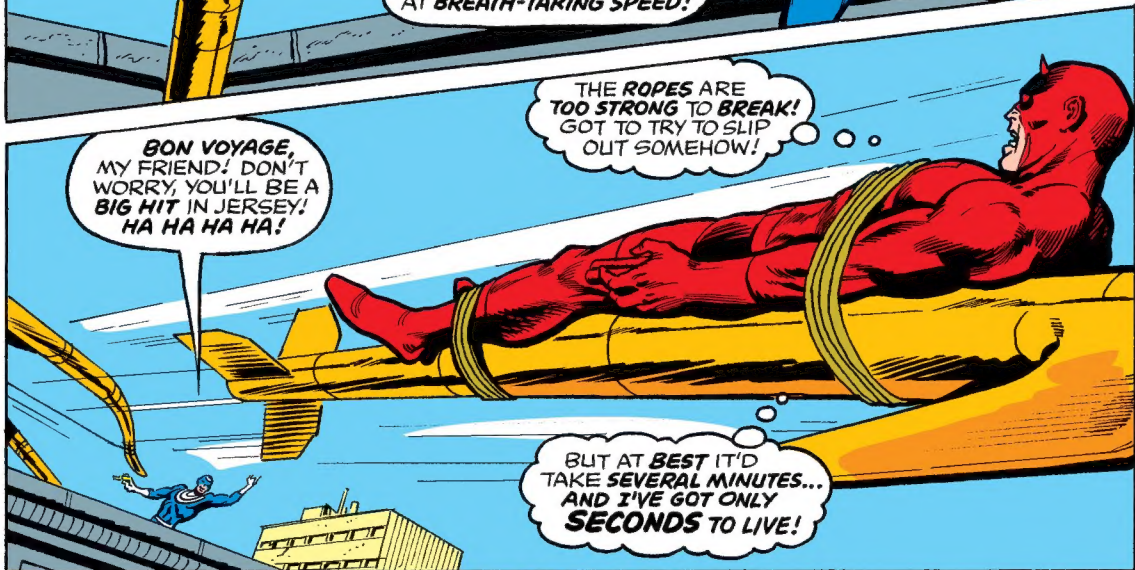
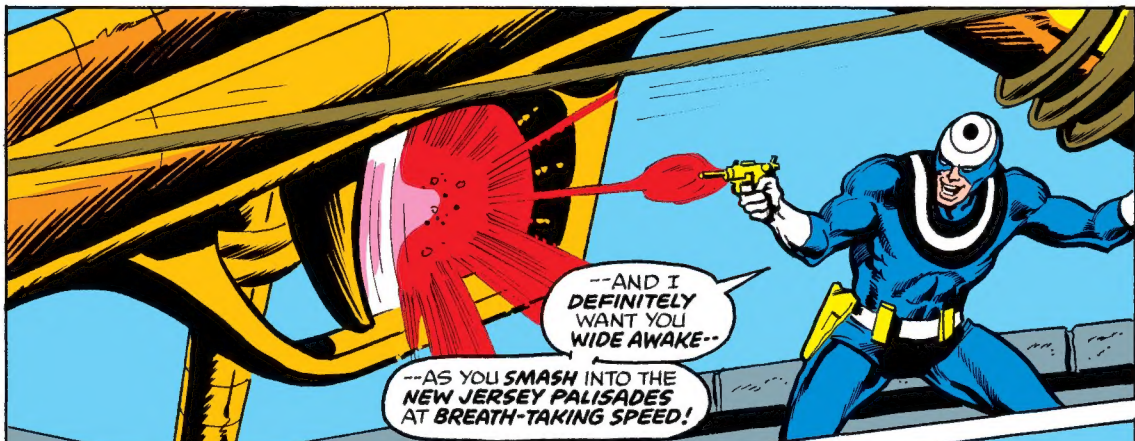
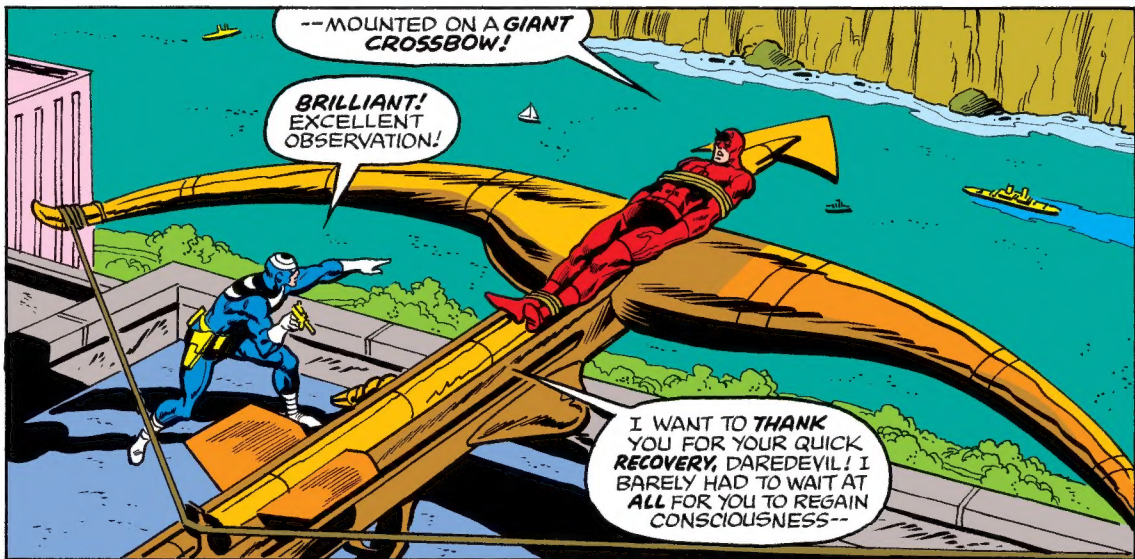
THE VAUNTED **MAN WITHOUT FEAR** FINALLY FALLS--



--VICTIM OF A **SCRAP** OF THIN, **STURDY CARDBOARD**, FOLDED INTO A **PAPER PLANE** AND FLAWLESSLY AIMED AT A VULNERABLE **NERVE CENTER** BY THE **MAN CALLED BULLSEYE!**

WHAT A **PRESS RELEASE!** I COULD SIMPLY LET HIM **DROWN--**





NEXT **WHATEVER HAPPENED TO...** **THE COBRA AND MR. HYDE?** **THE ANSWER'S A KILLER!**